STORIES FROM THE STREET

Short Tales, Notes and Minor Comments Picked Up About the City.

County Officials Trying to Keep Even-Trying to Recall a Name-Crowded Dockets-"The Woman of It" Crops Out.

A close friendship exists between John R. Wilson, county clerk, and his chief deputy. Benry Bals, and visits between their families are frequently interchanged. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson happened to call a few evenings since, but found no one at home. When Mr. Bals and his wife returned they were surprised to find not only that friends had called in their absence, but that an nususpected talent for poetry had been betrayed by a quartet of lines which Mr. Wilson was inconsiderate enough to sign his wife's name to. While the poetic effusion will not serve as a model for calling-cards, Mr. Bals proposes to keep the lines, which read as follows, in his scrap-book:

"We called: you were out; This we say, somewhat in doubt,

For it is possible you are in bed, If the latter, this is left in our stead." It will be generally agreed by Mr. Wilson's friends that the quality of his poetry is hardly up to the standard of his intellectual and social accomplishments.

Ever since the deluge of applicants upon Mr. Wilson, in reponse to one of Mr. Bals's advertisements in search of coach-man, the former has been laying schemes to get even. He is aware of the prominence of the serving-girl question in Mr. Bals's household, and seeing a cartoon in Puck on the subject cut it out and had it mailed to him. The picture represented two gentlemen leaving the house, of which one was the head. As he passed in sight of the kitchen where the cook was at the window, his friend observed

him turn and lift his hat to her. "What!"
observed the friend, "you don't show such
courtesy to your cook, do you?"
"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I do when they
stay two days in the family." Mr. Bais, of course, could not resist the hamor of the cartoon. "But my troubles are over now." he said with glee. "We have t a splendid girl now-one of the oldfashioned kind, a steady, careful, willing worker. There have been times when I have felt like taking such girls to the theater to keep 'em.'

"How long have you had this girl?" asked s friend.

"A week." The other evening Prof. L. H. Jones, helping a Journal reporter out with the list of officers elected for the ensuing year by the association of city and town school superintendents, got stuck on the last name of the appointments on the executive committee. "There are seven of them," said the Professor, "but to save my life I can recall the names of only six."

The reporter suggested a method of aiding his recollection: "Chase through the towns of the State represented in your meeting and maybe that 'll bring the

The Professor gave a shout of joy. "R. A. Chase, Plymouth, is the lost name," said he. "That was a lucky chance shot," he continued, "and reminds me of the difficulty I once had in recalling the name of a young man with whom I attended school. When we separated he asked me to write when we separated he asked me to write to him. 'You'll be traveling about and I won't know where to write to you,' said he, 'so you write to me whenever you get ready and feel like doing so.'

"Some time after that I thought I would write. Strange to say, I could not recall his name. Month after month went by, but the name wouldn't come, I made it a paychological study. I could readily call

psychological study. I could readily call up various times and places when we had been together, the most minute circum-stances of these occasions were remembered, but the name still remained a truant to my memory. Time and again it would glide along the periphery of my recollection, just on the borderland of memory.

but always elusive to my mental grasp.
"I might have found out this trouble-"I might have found out this troublesome name by asking any one of a
dozen mutual acquaintances, but I
was determined to get it by my own
unaided effort. Two years went by and
I kept up the chase through the dark
jungles of memory, expecting time and
again to startle it from its hiding
place. Four years went by. One day,
walking the streets of Terre Haute, I saw
on the ground before me a shadow. Looking up, there was my school-fellow, with
both hands extended and as glad to see me
as I was to meet him. No, not quite, for
now surely his name would come to me.
But it didn't. We went to dinner, talked
over the days at school, everything in
which we had been mutually interested which we had been mutually interested which we had been mutually interested was as plain as day before my mind—all except that confounded name. It required no small amount of diplomacy on my part to keep up that conversation without the betrayal on my part that I had forgotten the label to his individuality. At last, just as we were about to separate, the name came to me like a sun-burst on a summer morning. You may be quite certain that I have never since forgotten it."

In the larger judicial circuits of the State the dockets of the courts have been growing steadily in size. Such an amount of labor has been thus entailed upon the judges that the salary no longer offers an inducement to the best lawyers, by whom \$2,500 per year is much more easily earned omplaint of under pay comes from the bars and courts of both Republican and Democratic circuits, and it is probable an effort will be made before the next Legislature to amend the fee and salary law so as to increase the salary of Circuit judges. The injustice of the present salary is well illustrated in this county. The Superior judges receive \$3,000 per year, while Judge Brown, whose court is burdened with probate business, in addition to a mass of general litigation, re-ceives only \$2,500. His time is probably more closely occupied than that of any of the Superior judges. It is proposed by friends of the agitation to advocate a grad-ing of the judicial circuits, making the increase in salary only where the work done seems to warrant it. It need surprise no one if all political coloring is removed from the movement by an indorsement in each of the party platforms.

A Purdue man takes exception to the latter part of the Journal's account of the foot-ball game played at Lafayette between- the Purdue and De Pauw elevens. He is of the opinion that this part of the report leaves the impression that, though Purdue was declared winner, she is not justly entitled to the game. If the Purdue man had read the part of the account of which he complains with the smallest amount of attention he would have noticed that particular portion to have been De Panw's "kick," the views entertained by the defeated eleven and their friends. A majority of foot-ball experts incline to the belief that Purdue's chances for winning from Butler on Thanksgiving day are very good. Whichever eleven does win, it is to te hoped the victors will be magnanimous and not desire to wipe the vanquished from the face of the earth.

the News," remarked a full-fledged Demowest in a street-corner talk to half a dozen mieners. "It is at its old tricks again, trying to play both sides. The Journal says that it has gone, body and breeches over to the Democratic party and proposes to do its best to make it remain there. The Journal's attitude reminds me of that grand old pioneer preacher, Uncle Jimmy Havens, who, after being interrupted half a dozen times by a bully who had broken into a camp-meeting as a hymn was raised. sailed into the sinner and, suiting his actions to the words, continued the song.

"We'll knock 'em down And keep 'em down, Glory hailelajah:"

The other day, a lawyer with a speech in eloquence to a nimble type-writer. He was conductor.

however, made use of that quotation from Shakspeare's Seven Ages in which occurs the "last scene of all," with "sans teeth, sans eyes," etc. When he came to the typewriter's version he was knocked all of a heap to find the old man "saw teeth, saw eyes, saw taste, saw everything."

Lovely woman, God bless her, is nothing if not irrelevant. At the late Flower Mission fair a choice bit of feminine conversation was overheard relating to a woman of some literary aspiration and but moderate achievement. The discussion was closed with this charitable and triumphant remark from one of the fair participants: "Oh, no: I do not think much of her writings, but I do think she has a lovely complexion."

At this season of the year persons who attend the theaters are badly punished in the matters of heat and ventilation. The theaters are nearly always either too warm or too cold, and as to ventilation, they are either hermetically sealed or the air is turned loose on the audience in a way that is conducive to all the neuralgic, bronchial and pulmonary afflictions that flesh is heir to.

THE QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD

Torn Up by Another Sensation Which Is "All Along of the New Milkman."

How the New Daffodil Dairy Soon Got Away With the Hydrangea and Pennyroyal-The Dream Harshly Shattered.

The quiet neighborhood has had another

It all came about through the new milkman. Some of the neighbors took milk of the Hydrangea, others of the Pennyroyal dairy. From time to time there were consultations and discussions among the housewives as to which furnished the worse quality of milk. As to quantity there was a suspicion, whether well founded or not does not matter in this chronicle, that the lacteal quart was not as large as it should be, and that the milk after the proper number of hours of repose did not exhibit a sufficient amount of cream.

It was when the uncertainty and dissatisfaction were progressing toward a climax that the Daffodil dairy appeared. It was a new enterprise, with a new wagon and a new driver-a blue-eyed young fellow, with flaxen hair and cheeks like the rose in the snow. Two or three of the housewives began to patronize the new dairyman in a desultory sort of way. It was observed that he was bashful to a wonderful degree, and that a word about the weather or any other like non-committal topic from the girl, as she held the pitcher over the wagon-rail to be supplied, would send a burning flush to the roots of his flaxen hair, while his hand would trem-ble, to the imminent peril of the contents of the quart measure. In such cases, how-ever, he would always add a portion of milk to make up for what he might have

spilled. The bashfulness of the new milkman became a frequent topic of conversation among the ladies of the kitchen, and his timidity began to make some of them bold. They amused themselves by enlarging their morning observations, and to their great diversion they noticed that his agitation increased. This fact apparently made the damsels bolder, and it began to be observed that there was a greater and greater length that there was a greater and greater length of time between the ringing of the Daffodil bell and the returning slam of the front gate. Mrs. Brown noticed that the daily quart of milk was getting larger and larger and that the cream thereon appeared to be of greater quantity and superior quality.
She communicated these facts in due time
to her neighbors, Mesdames Jones, Smith
and Robinson, and it was not long before
those ladies were customers of the Daffodil, much to the surprise of the Hydrangea
and Pennyroyal enterprises, who had long

retained their patronage.

Meanwhile the kitchen damsels grew better acquainted with the new milkman. It was noticed by "the missuses" that they rose with greater alacrity in the morning and that when they sallied out for the daily ration of milk they did not present the careless personal appearance of yore, but were very smart and tidy.

It was afterward remembered by Mrs. Brown that a chance remark made about the new milkman in the hearing of Bridget had caused that damsel to blush like St. Anthony's fire, while Mrs. Smith called to mind a similar happening in the case of her Gretchen, who had never before shown undue sensibility on any subject. Like phenomena had been observed by other of the

The trade of the new milkman increased in the neighborhood. Such generous quarts had never before been known, and one after another of the patrons of the Hydranges and Pennyroyal fell away and went over to the new enterprise. Meantime a strange formality sprang up among the damsels, who had erstwhile been very chummy. Each appeared to be carrying in her bosom a secret she could not divulge.

It was noticed by the missus, that "my girl has no appetite; she doesn't eat as

much as a canary." The new milkman, however, grew rosier and rosier. The Daffodil bell had an ever merrier ring as morning succeeded morning. and the young man did nearly all the talking as the pitcher was waiting for the faucet. The bold girls were no longer gay and loquacious, but shrinking and silent. The once bashful young man seemed to grow jauntier and jauntier. He was heard grow jauntier and jauntier. He was heard to whistle and even to hum "Annie Rooney" in the breeziest way imaginable.

One morning he did not appear. In his place was an elderly man, with Galway whiskers and a face that would shiver a looking-glass at a glance. What was the matter? What could the matter be? In answer to these distressed inquiries the hard-visaged substitute exhibited a daily paper, and pointing to the list of marriage licenses issued by Cupid's book-keeper, the county clerk, showed this line:

John Johnson and Martha Murkleson. Contemporaneously the quart returned to its normal size. There were tears and indignation in half a dozen kitchens in the quiet neighborhood. "The mane, desateful spalpeen," said Bridget, wiping away the salty flow with

"I'd like to scratch his eyes out!" said Mrs. Brown's girl, a damsel of spirit. "Ach, aber er war ein daisy." quoth Gretchen philosophically, humming the air of an old German love song as she washed the breakfast dishes.

SKIN GRAFTING.

A Few Hints as to the Possibilities of the New Operation. Buffalo Express.

A remarkable thing about the new surgical operation known as skin grafting is said to be that the person operated upon develops some of the characteristics of the person who furnishes the skin.

For example, a Philadelphia man, who had very little hair on his body, received a graft from a person with a great deal of hair. His new skin was covered with a much thicker growth of hair than his old. A New York charity patient received grafts from the arms of several reporters. Formerly she cared nothing about newspapers, but now she eagerly reads every paper she can get.

A profane, irreverent man in Chicago was given grafts from the skin of a minister. He now attends church regularly and has completely abandoned his former wicked ways.

These examples suggest new uses to which skin grafting might be put.
It a man wished to train himself for a life insurance agent he might develop the neces-sary cheek by getting a graft from the cheek of some one who had been long in

the business. If he were in a position where it was necessary for him to assume the air of one who owns the world and a slice of Jupiter a graft from a gate-keeper at a railroad station would just about fix him. No man can ever feel that the existence of society does depend on himself alone until he has his mind dictated his words of glowing been a railroad gate-keeper or a street-car

delighted with the copy returned to him, reader will easily think of more. There imposed task of precipitating upon and introducing into free American soil another

TRUFFLES AND MUSHROOMS

The Great Imported French Delicacy Growing in Vacant Lots in This City.

Persons Who Make a Business of Gathering Them-Caterers Puzzled-Varieties of American "Toad-Stools."



Swhere town and conntry meet, and just at a place where one of the from a respectable paved highway into a semi-genteel wagon road, a group of negro children, scantily clad, and two burly specimens of the African adult in shredded skirts, topped off by shawls whose better days had ceased to be a re-

membrance, were, to the eyes of a solitary pedestrian who chanced to use the road in a "cut across lots," busily engaged in a search for some recently lost or long-since hidden treasure. Of all the actions the human frame is capa-ble of twisting itself through none will serve to attract more attention from other human action of bending toward the earth and allowing the earth and allowing the eyes to sweep hither the

searcher's very soul's salvation, depended upon making as many sweeps and enryes as possible over a given portion of the ground before them during the time elapsing between each carefully taken step forward. As a matter of conse-

quence, this solitary pedestrian found it an utter impossibility to restrain his natural curiosity. After passing the children were reached a little further down the road, a question put in an un-concerned manner, or with an excusable attempt at it, brought forth the information that "musheroons an' t'uffles," not gold and silver or precious stones, was the object of their diligent inspection of the earth's surface, especially where decayed leaves or logs had fallen across it.

Mushrooms and truffles. The first did not puzzle, but that word truffles was a "sticker," for be it known that this lonely pedestrian was none other than a well-known caterer of Indianapolis, and though he had often and often purchased mushrooms from these people or others whose similar quests had been rewarded, he had never had any truffles offered nor had be found any by accident among the had he found any by accident among the mushroom pack. Neither had he at any time heard in the slightest

way the suspicion raised that this aristocratic French member of the family of fungi had ever been known from time ummemorable to mix with its Western cousin, the mushroom.
But while he pursued this chain of thought he was unconsciously standing in pool of

House Mushroom, muddy water and hold-the little group spell-bound by his intense-ly thoughtful expression. It required but a moment to recover, however, and as the two bulky figures of the adult Africans loomed up and de-manded to know "Wha's de matter chillun?" he questioned them closely, but failed to shake the testimony of either the elder or younger members of the band of

tuber trackers. The added testimony only served to more closely convince the now thoroughly interested restaurateur that the dignified truffle had lost its preetige and had at last descended to the haunts descended to the haunts
of the gay and gauzy
mushroom among the
weeds and rotting supersoil of the lots adjacent
to second and thirdclass cities of the "wild
and woolly" Western

Reaching the center of the city he determined upon an expedition of investigation. and June's place on Illinois street was first as-

"No, sir," said Mr. June, as he threw himself back in a cozy chair in a cozier office. "No, sir, I have never seen an American truffle, nor have I any reason to believe that in many years' experience in this business of supplying delicacies I have ever heard of a truffle being raised in this country, unless it was raised out of a can of imported French sort after the lid was pried off."

That settled the matter as far as Mr. June was concerned, but there were many



Negroes Gathering Mushrooms.

others to see yet, and when they were finally found there were many among them who were not so sure as Mr. June that the truffle had not in some insidious manner inserted itself into the list of American fungi. Then again there were several who openly declared they had seen and eaten them, and so it went on until one was found at last who not only supplied much needed in-formation on the whole subject of mushroom truffles and their wicked and deceiving cousins, the toadstools and "devil's bread," but went so far as to quote from an eminent anthority, a professor in botany at the University of Pennsylvania, to the ef-fect that the truffle had, in several widelyscattered instances, been transplated to this soil through the instrumentality of a

There has been so much recent talk about the McKinley bill tin and tin in general. and American tin in particular, that it was not at all a surprise to the caterer that he now found himself confronted with another good reason for the average Democrat to howl himself hoarse over. Another point scored against American tin, to say the least that could be said, it is a bighly humiliating fact to hand down to future generations of truffle-eaters that a tin can made



Mushroom Cellar Garden. of foreign, instead of American tin must receive the credit of introducing this elegant and aristocratic tuber to American soil. But there it stood, the glaring fact that having been cast upon the lots had proceeded "there and then and at the said basis for a Democratic political argument against American tin and presented excellent opportunities for discussion among botanists, caterers and truffle-eaters gen-

When the caterer had discovered this much it simply whetted his appetite for more and better information upon the subject of the whole fungi family, of which he had had but an indistinct knowledge, beginning at the time when, burdened with a lot of large and odoriferous samples of the toadstool kind he had entered his boyhood's home with lappy thoughts of helping provide for the family table, and had as quickly reappeared with a distinct and easily understood instruction to fire them upon an adjacent lot and with a sad feeling about the seat of his play-day trousers ingrafted by the free use play-day trousers ingrafted by the free use

of an article of commerce used to keep an undue amount of moist-ure from penetrating the habitations of man. This habitations of man. This was the beginning of his knowledge. The end he never, as yet, has reached for the facts to be found relating to this matter were legion; but all of it proved of such general interest that it would not be out of place to append a little

would not be out of the Fairy Ring. place to append a little of it here. The truffle (tuber melanosporum) is an underground funginsed as food, those of commerce belonging to the genus tuber, while while others which bear the name are of related but different genera. The early English writers called them "trubbes," both names being derived through the Italian from the Latin tenæ tuber. They are somewhat oblong or globose, varying from several ounces to pounds in weight, according to species and localities. There are white kinds, but generally their surface is blackish or brownish, with warty protuberances. When cut open they present a variously marbled appearance, and have no resemblance to the generally known forms resemblance to the generally known forms of fungi. In England the

truffle is hunted by dogs, whose acuteness of scent is first taught them by hiding a truffle and teaching them a reward of something to eat awaits their finding it.

Truffles have an odor and flavor peculiarly their own, and though cooked alone upon some occasions, are usually utilized in conveying their flavor to meats with. utilized in conveying their flavor to meats with

which they are served. Of the various forms of Common Mushroom. mushrooms used in this country and Europe as a matter of food the common mushroom as a matter of food the common mushroom (agaricus cumpestris), though a great favorite elsewhere, is rejected and looked upon with a feeling akin to horror in Italy.

The horse mushroom, or agaricus aurensis, the parasol mushroom (agaricus procerus) and the fairy ring, known in Latin as marasmius oreades, are perhaps the most highly privad emong those who like this highly prized among those who like this sort of food.

OFFERINGS FROM THE POETS. Rembrant's "Portrait of a Young Girl." From out her frame of somber wood,

With eyes of simple purity. In sweet immortal maidenhood, She gazes mildly down at me, As if she but half understood What all the foreign world may be; So timidly withal, and still So vaguely questioning she stands, This stranger from beyond the sea, This young girl of the Netherlands.

Upon her head a little cap

Of close, quaint shape, with fluted frill; About her throat some scarlet strands Of coral beads that overlap Her russet gown; and both her hands Just poised upon a window-sill.

Behind her, shadows; deep, so deep, Inscrutable, and rich of tone, Secure through centuries they keep Their subtle secrets, still unknown; Ah, well they wrought, who fashioned such.

Time ripens slow, but may not reap The living colors they have sown, The skillful masters of the Dutch! Yet of them all one hand alone Possessed the magic art to touch This marvel of translucent brown, Thisdream of dusk that filters down And merges in her tawny gown, And folds her figure, faintly shown,

Yet hides no outline overmuch. For see, how tenderly the light Streams through, caressing cheek and lips, And steals on to her finger-tips, As gently as a lover might; As gently, too, and full as fain, It lingers round her hair, and slips, Reluctant, into dark again.

So have I singled from the throng That gravely watches on the wall, The old-time dames and burghers, all The worthies who have lived so long In dim and mellow portraiture, This young girl, whose blue eyes, so pure, So full of wonderment, allure And draw me hither, o'er and o'er; Nor may I turn away before Beyond forgetting, I am sure

In fine detail, distinct, intense,

Imprinted on my inner sense, A steadfast memory evermore Her perfect image shall endure. -Eva'een Stein. The Happy Autumn Fields. Ah, happy fields, at rest from fruitfulnese! No careless storm of the ungentle spring

Uptore your venturing roots, nor pierced the Of spiteful frost your early promises.

The ekies were blue above you. With caress
Of gentlest beams the sun lured you to bring
Your blushing blossoms forth; and from the

wing
Of night were shaken dews their thirst to bless.
For shadows had ye but the bounteous clouds,
That, passing, spanned you with the arch of hope;
No canker worms made of your leaves their

Nor envious hand sowed tares on every slope.

And now the jocund harvesters have blest Ye happy fields, that from your labors rest

Kind Heaven! so order the uncertain days Of my brief mortal season, so defend From frost, and drought, and tempest, so be-With sun and dew, and bows of promise raise, So temper to me all the cold world's ways That not in vain my tolling strength I spend;

But come in ripeness to the perfect end, And lie at rest in life's autumnal haze! Nought were it then upon the heart to take
The ice of death, and in it lie entombed,
As when on you the snows of winter break Ye mourn not for the springtime when ye

Ah, let me know the harvesters have blest me Ere I from all my labor come to rest me! -James Lane Allen, in the Independent,

To My Mother. Since thou didst pass, beloved, to thy rest, Long years ago, one constant hope has filled My longing heart-its tirst wild anguish stilled-That we shall walk again in regions blest With all the old sweet human love unchilled By time or absence; but to-day oppressed With fear I shrink; from dreams like this I see.

Friends reunited here too oft awake, Each life so alterted to a different key, That only harsh and bitter discords break From voices once attuned to harmony; What if it should be so with thee and me? Ah no! ah no! the tender smile that made The sunshine of my happy youth appears Across the mist of intervening years, and comferts me-I am no more afraid!

What though my voice is hourse and choked What though my wayward footsteps may have Heaven has not changed thee. Thou wilt find it Again to teach the faltering lips to say

"Our Father;" and to guide the trembling feet.
With gentle hand, along the shining way.
Till thou caust cry with joy, "Behold, O Lord,
The child Thou givest me, to Thee restored!"

-Overland Monthly. The Three Wishes. Three girls sat idly on the beach; One like a lily, tall and fair, One brilliant with ber raven hair, One sweet and shy of speech. "I wish for fame," the lily said;
"And I for wealth and courtly life."
Then gently spoke the third: "As wife
I ask for love instead."

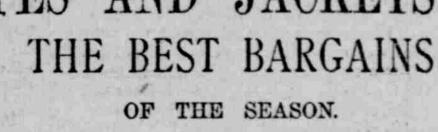
Years passed. Again beside the sea Three women sat, with whitening hair, Still graceful, lovable and fair, And told their destiny. "Fame is not all." the hly sighed. "Wealth futile if the heart be dead."

"I have been loved," one sweetly said, "And I am satisfied."

[ESTABLISHED 1853.] World-Gathered Novelties at Little Prices.

There must be a reason for the marvelous crowds that throng our store day by day. It's found in the extent of our varied stocks and the "fairness" of our prices.

CLOAKS, CAPES AND JACKETS



We have just bought 2,000 garments -manufacturers' samples-including many imported novelties that cannot be duplicated.

PALETOT CAPES

Capes worth \$25 for \$17. Capes worth \$30 for \$23. Capes worth \$35 for \$24. Capes worth \$40 for \$30. Capes worth \$75 for \$50.

NEWMARKETS

At less than half price-\$2.50, \$5, \$7.50, \$10 and \$15.

Fur-Trimmed Jackets

Special values at \$10, \$11.50, \$15 and \$18. An especially cheap line of Curly Astrachan Trimmed Jackets, really worth \$14.50, for only \$11.50 each.

The goods are right, the sizes are right, and the prices are marvelously low.

BROKEN-PRICED DRESS GOODS.

We have not yet sold the \$25,000 worth of Dress Goods that we advertised a fortnight ago. The cut-down prices remain in force.

200 fine Imported Dress Patterns of exclusive design, at fully one-third

less than original cost price. French and Belgian Broadcloths in all the very latest shades; 52 inches wide. Our Broadcloths are of the very best makes, the face is closely sheared and they never wear rough. Prices: \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.25 yard.

All-wool French Serges, 46 inches wide, in 35 different shades. Regular worth, \$1; our price, 85c.

200 pieces Beautiful Plaids at 50c yard. A small lot of Gilbert Plaids, cheery styles, 36 inches, at 35c yard. 38-inch Fancy Striped Dress Cloths, quiet colors, 25c.

38-inch Dark Gray Camel's-hair Dress Goods at only 17c yard. IN BLACK GOODS.

Besides the special bargains advertised on Thursday last, we keep complete lines of Priestly's Silk Warp Henriettas, \$1 to \$2.50 yard.

Priestly's Nun's Veilings, All-Wool Serges, from 50c to \$1.25, and a specially fine line of Black Camel's-hair Novelties and Silk and Jet Embroidered Pattern Dresses.

'Tis the time for money-saving in the Dress Goods line now.

HANDKERCHIEFS. LADIES'

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, Plain White, Colored Hemstitched Borders and Black, with Fancy Colors, many of them worth 15c each; all at 5c each. White Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Sc. White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all linen,

fine quality, 121c. Fine Embroidered Handkerchiefs 25 to 30c. Hand Embroidered Handkerchiefs, fine and sheer, 50c and \$2.50 each. Ladies' Black Silk Handkechiefs, 25c. Brocaded Silk Handkerchiefs, a large assortment of patterns and colors, 25, 35, 55 and 69c. Ladies' White Silk Embroidered Handkerchiefs,

White Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, 25c. The finest and largest line in the city of the dainty Embroidered Mouselline de Soie Handkerchiefs, 28c to \$3. Duchesse Lace Handkerchiefs, 65c to \$15.

various styles, 25 and 35c.

MEN'S

Men's Fine Unlaundered Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, 124c. Men's Colored Border Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 18 and 20c. Men's White Hemstitched Jap Silk Handkerchief's, 27c.
Fancy Bordered Hemstitched Jap Silk Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, for

Men's White Silk Initial Hankerchiefs, 50c, 75c and \$1. SOMETHING NEW-Men's Wood-Brown Silk Handkerchiefs, the correct shades to match the new suits, 55c.

BASEMENT.

A lot of slightly damaged Dolls at only 10c each. They have Bisque heads, are from 15 to 20 inches high, and sold for three, four and five times

16-inch Bisque Head Dolls that were 75c, almost perfect, 25c. Handsome 13-inch Dolls, quite new and perfect, with Bisque head, jointed limbs and moving eyes, 20c each. Oxidized Silver Whisk-Broom Holders, with Plush-trimmed Brooms, 35c. Rogers Bros. Silver-plated Mustard or Olive

Spoons, 20c. Silver-plated Nut picks, 35c a set.
Basket Work China Catch-alls, gold decorated,

Elegant Brass-frame Hanging Lamp, with large Decorated Shade, \$1.75. Decorated China Motto Mugs, 5c. Larger size Sc. Decorated China Teapot Stands, 18c.

Decorated China A. D. Coffee Sets, in velvet-lined case, set of 6, \$2.15.

THE BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE CITY. Ladies' 4-button Kid Gloves, in Tans only-

WOMEN'S special value, 49c. Ladies' 4-butt Ladies' 4-button Lamb-skin Gloves in all the new tans, grays, browns and black. An elegant wearing and fitting Glove, equal to the finest French kid in appearance—\$1 pair.

Ladies' 5-hook Kid Gloves in all the new shades, \$1.10. (Many novelties in Evening Gloves in

Sall lengths and in shades to match dresses.

Misses' 4-button and Biarritz Kid Gloves, new GLOVES shades, \$1. Men's Gloves of all kinds. Gloves embroidered in black or colors to match costume. All Kid Gloves purchased from us repaired free of charge.

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